

POLICE

COMICS

JANUARY
No. 86

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Plastic Man
gambles on
WOOZY'S REPUTATION!





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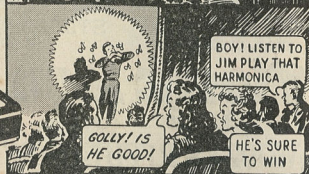
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CITY.....STATE.....

POLICE COMICS, January, 1949, No. 86. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. George E. Brenner, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.70 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$2.00. Foreign \$2.50. Entered as second-class matter May 5, 1941, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and names pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. E. S. Murthy, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1948 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

PLASTIC MAN



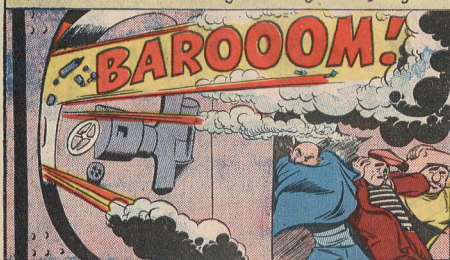
SOB! PLASTIC MAN
DOESN'T LIKE ME ANY
MORE! GOOD-BYE,
CROOL WORLD!

Inseparable?
Yes, that's the word
for PLASTIC MAN and
his pal WOZZY! But the day
came when the two partners
went different ways, when
cold suspicion supplanted
the warm affection that once
formed so close a bond
between them!

Alas, it is our sad duty
to report that PLASTIC
MAN and Woozy have

PHFFFFTTT!

The vault of the Safeway Jewelry Company...



I'VE ALWAYS SAID IT PAYS TO EMPLOY EXPERTS! THE VAULT WAS OPENED PERFECTLY BY THAT NITRO-GLYCERIN CHARGE!

THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT, DIABLO!



BLOWING SAFES IS AN ART! I BEEN STUDYING MY PROFESSION FOR NEARLY TWENTY YEARS...

YOU'RE A MASTER CRAFTSMAN! I CONGRATULATE YOU!



MAY I SAY A FEW WORDS, TOO?

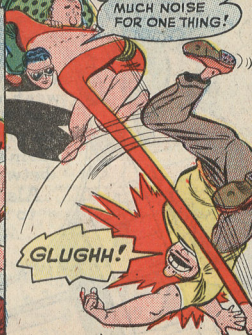
PLASTIC MAN!



IN THE FIRST PLACE, I DON'T THINK IT WAS A PERFECT JOB BY ANY MEANS!

UGH!

CLANK!



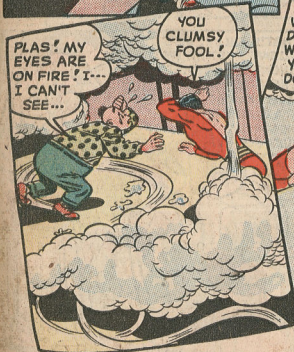
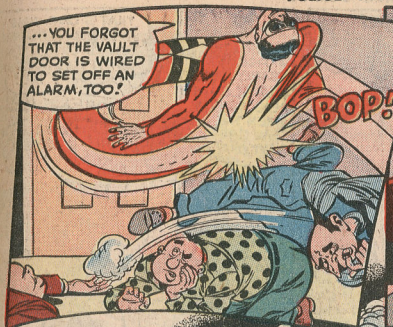
THERE WAS ENTIRELY TOO MUCH NOISE FOR ONE THING!

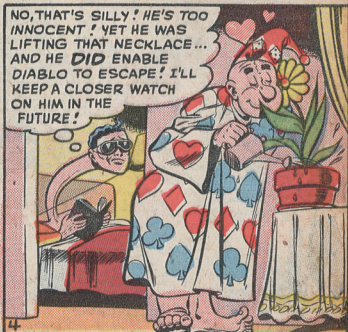
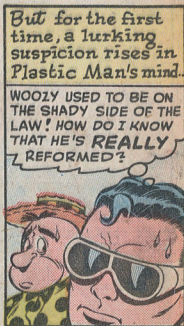
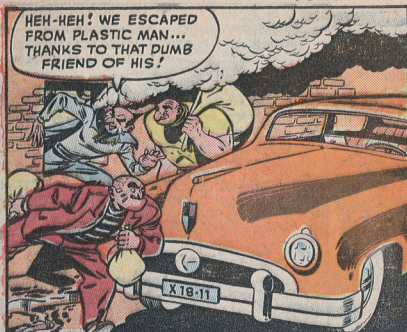
GLUGHH!

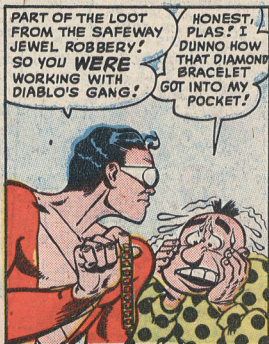
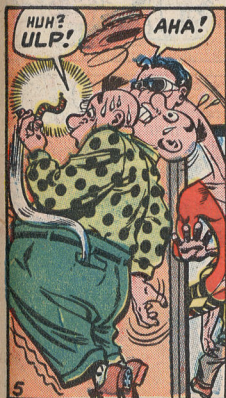
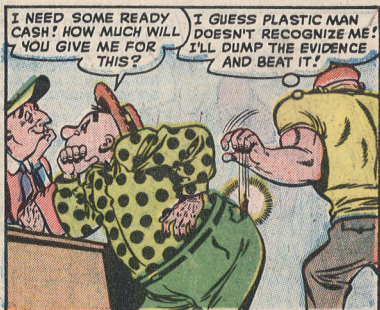
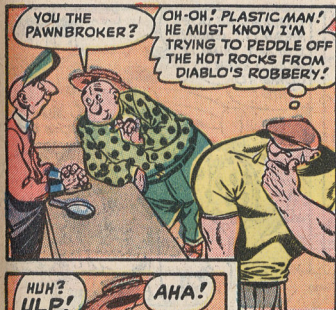
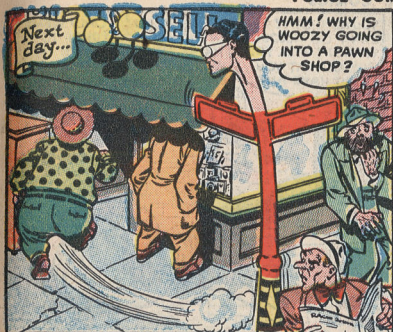


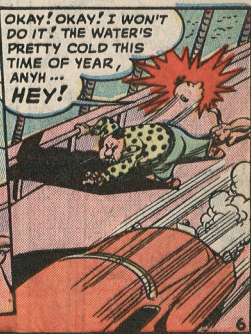
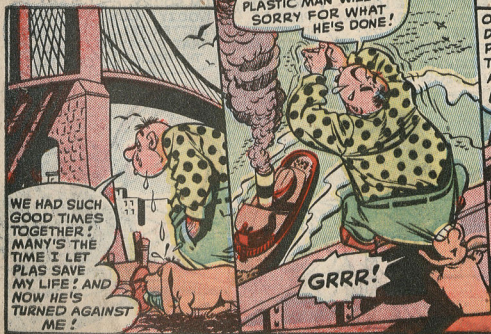
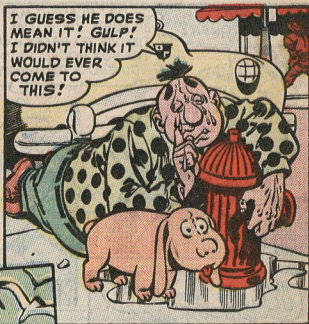
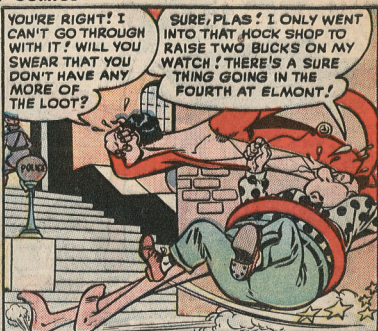
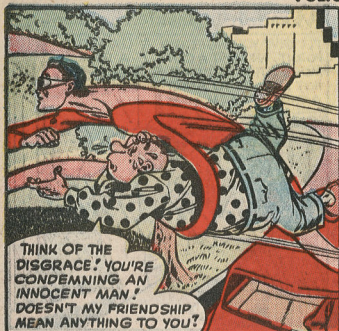
AND WHILE YOU ARRANGED TO CUT ALL THE BURGLAR ALARMS IN THE SHOP...

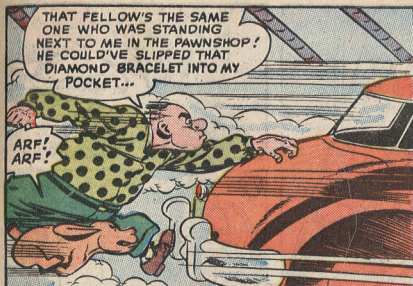
EEEE!



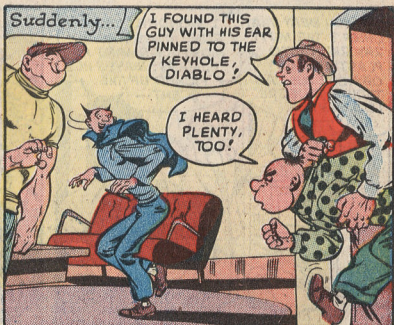






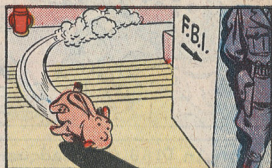
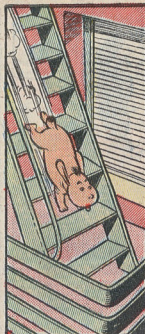
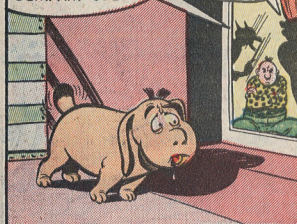


Soon, in DIABLO'S headquarters...



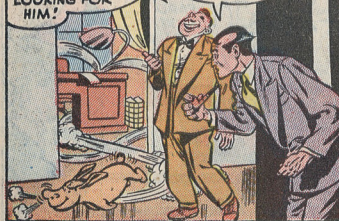
BUT HE'S THE PERFECT ANSWER TO PLASTIC MAN! IF WE TAKE HIM ALONG AS A HOSTAGE ON THE WOLF FUR COMPANY JOB...

I GETCHA, DIABLO! PLASTIC MAN WOULDN'T WANNA SEE ANY HARM COME TO HIS PAL!

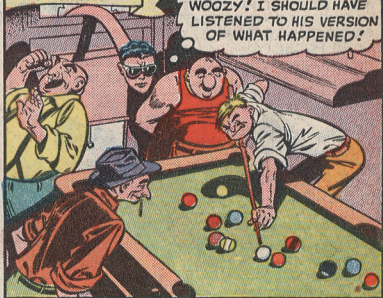


CAN YOU BEAT THAT, CHIEF? THE MUTT RAN RIGHT INTO PLASTIC MAN'S OFFICE! JUST AS THOUGH HE WERE LOOKING FOR HIM!

I WONDER! Y'KNOW, SOME DOGS ARE ALMOST AS SMART AS HUMANS! MAYBE HE'S PICKED UP THE SCENT...

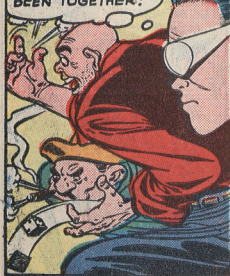


Meanwhile...

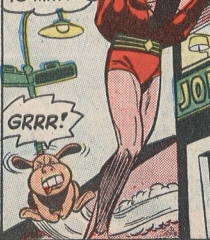


I'VE BEEN UNFAIR TO WOOLLY! I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO HIS VERSION OF WHAT HAPPENED!

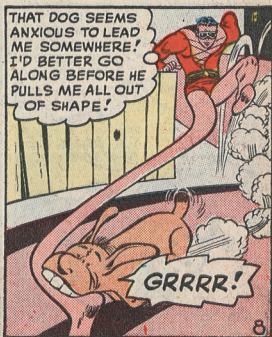
IT'S THE LEAST I OWE HIM, AFTER ALL THE YEARS WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER!

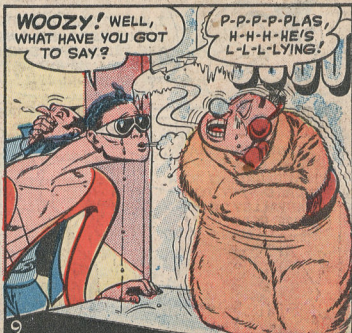
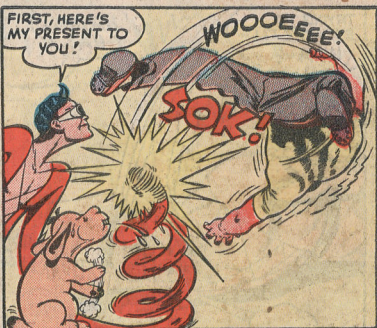
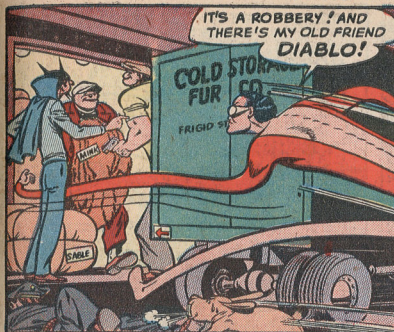


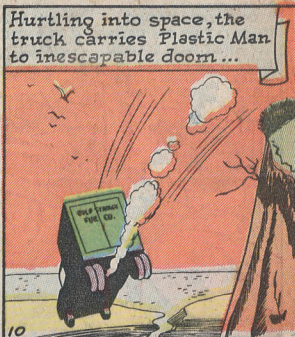
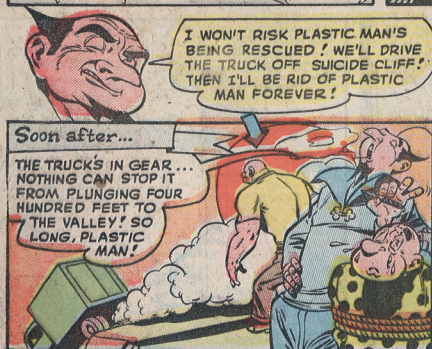
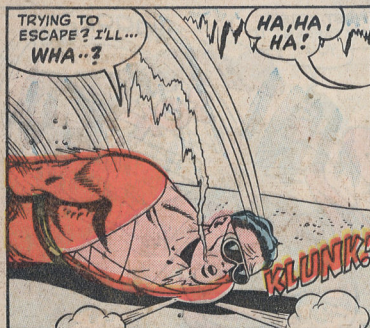
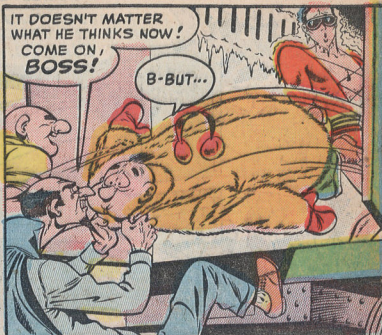
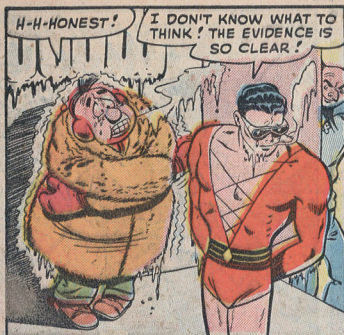
BUT I CAN'T FIND WOOLLY IN HIS USUAL HAUNTS! I HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM!

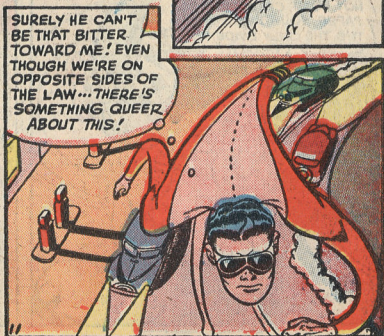
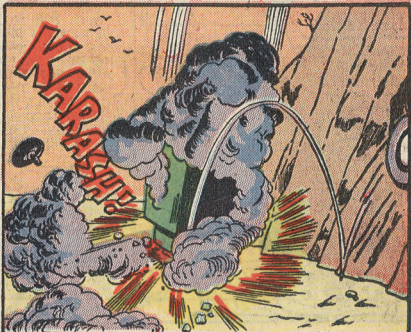


THAT DOG SEEMS ANXIOUS TO LEAD ME SOMEWHERE! I'D BETTER GO ALONG BEFORE HE PULLS ME ALL OUT OF SHAPE!









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Meanwhile, Woody faces a dire fate...

SHALL I BUMP HIM NOW, DIABLO?

HE'S NO FURTHER USE TO US! WE DON'T NEED A DECOY... NOW THAT PLASTIC MAN'S DEAD!

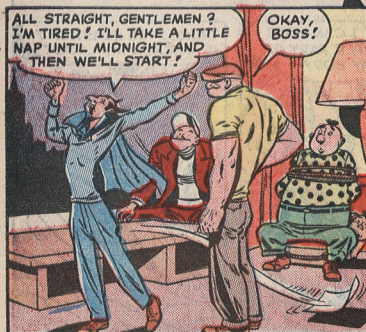
HERE'S WHAT WE DO WITH THIS STOOGE! WHEN WE ROB THE SWING-AT-SEA CLUB, WE'LL LEAVE HIS BODY BEHIND TO APPEASE THE COPS! THAT WILL TAKE THE HEAT OFF US! THEY'LL THINK THEY CAPTURED... HEH-HEH... THE MASTER MIND!

Later, as DIABLO rehearses his criminal plans...

WHERE'D THE POOCH COME FROM?

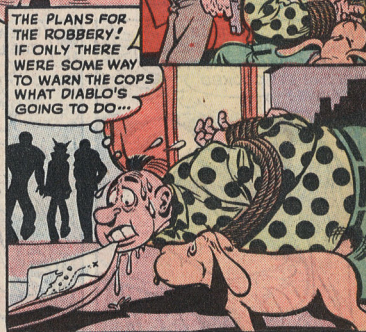
TRATE ON WHAT I'M TELLING YOU! WE'LL RUN ALONGSIDE IN A MOTORBOAT, AND THEN...

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? CONCEN-
I'M TELLING YOU!

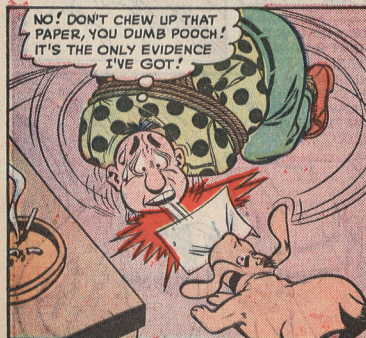


ALL STRAIGHT, GENTLEMEN? I'M TIRED! I'LL TAKE A LITTLE NAP UNTIL MIDNIGHT, AND THEN WE'LL START!

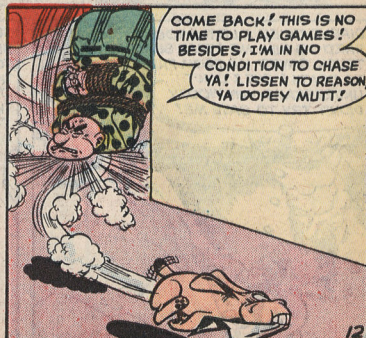
OKAY, BOSS!



THE PLANS FOR THE ROBBERY! IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY TO WARN THE COPS WHAT DIABLO'S GOING TO DO...

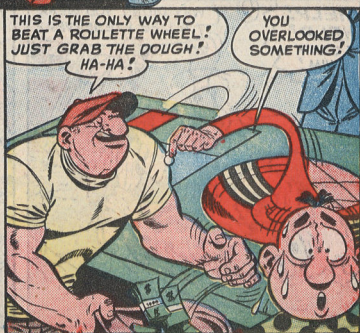
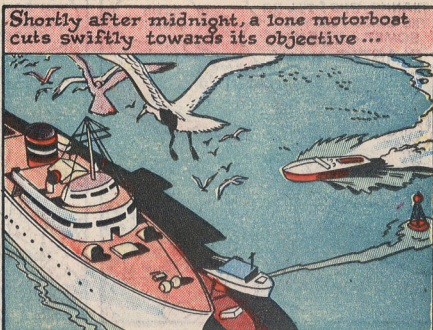
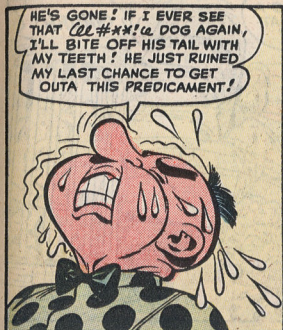


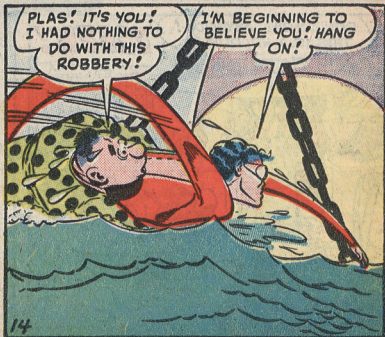
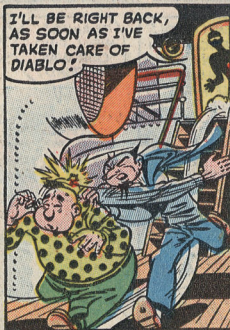
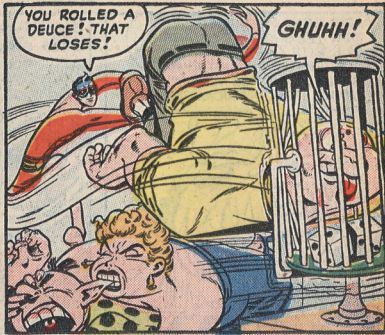
NO! DON'T CHW UP THAT PAPER, YOU DUMB POOCH! IT'S THE ONLY EVIDENCE I'VE GOT!



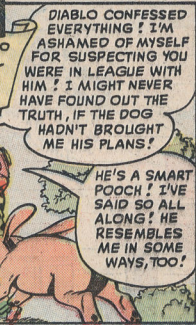
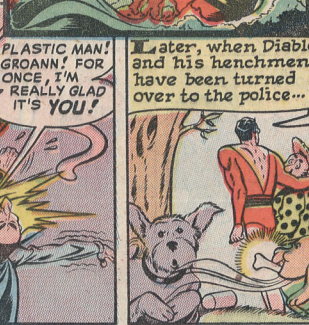
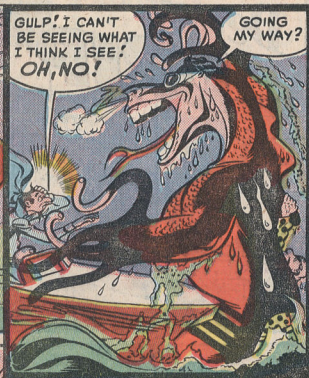
COME BACK! THIS IS NO TIME TO PLAY GAMES! BESIDES, I'M IN NO CONDITION TO CHASE YA! LISSSEN TO REASON, YA DOPEY MUTT!

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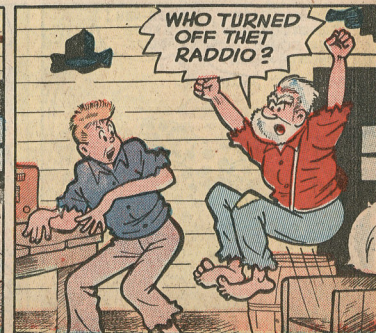
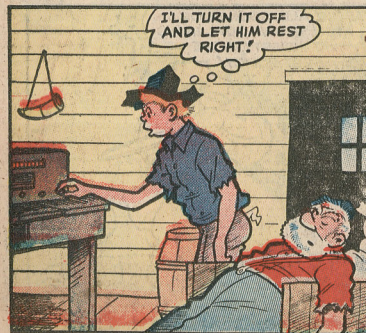
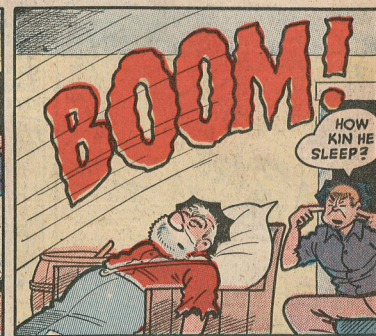
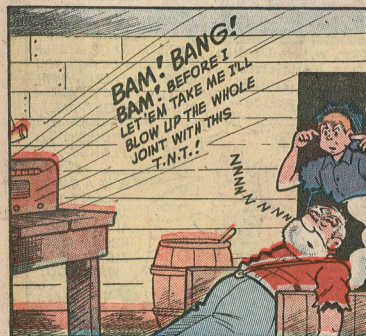
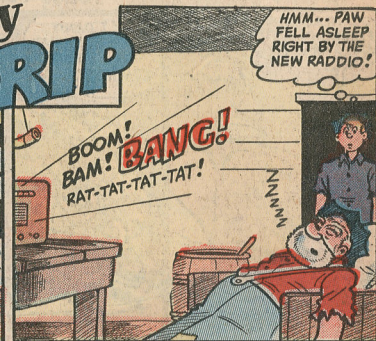
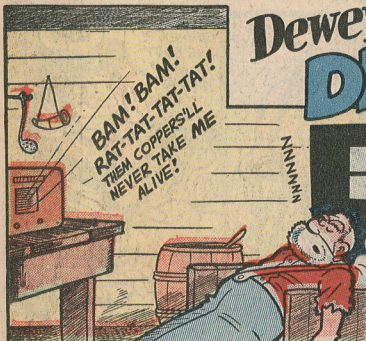




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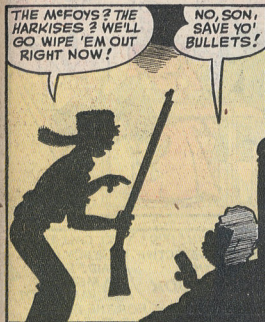
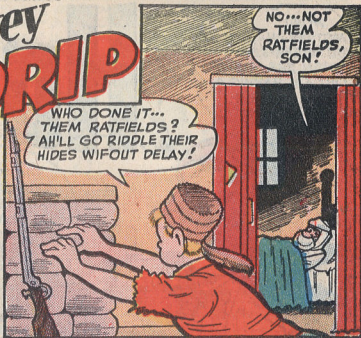
Dewey DRIP



Dewey DRIP



MURDEH,
SON... 'AT'S
WHAT!



HONEYBUN

WON'T MOTHER-IN-LAW BE SURPRISED WHEN SHE FINDS OUT I'M BAKING A CAKE FOR HER LUNCHEON!

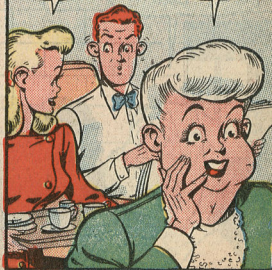
SHOPPING FOR OUR PARTY HAS EXHAUSTED ME! I'M GLAD THERE'S NO CLEANING TO DO BEFORE WE BEGIN!

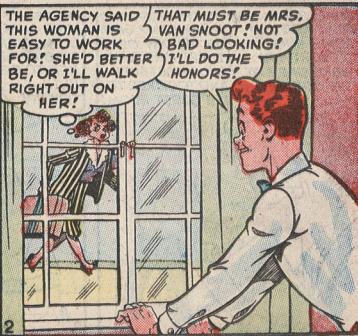
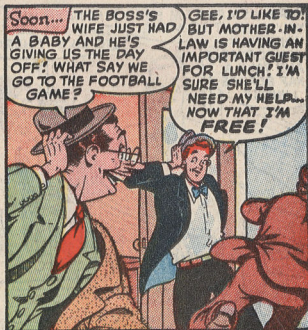
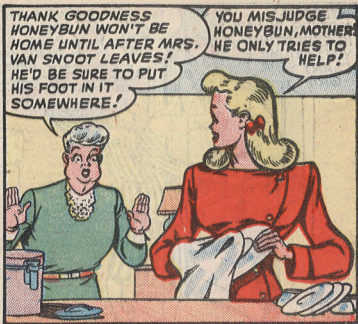
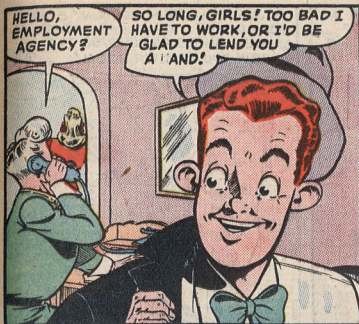
OH, I'M SO EXCITED! THE NATIONAL CHAIR-WOMAN OF OUR HOME ECONOMICS SOCIETY IS IN TOWN, AND I'VE BEEN SELECTED TO ENTERTAIN HER AT LUNCHEON TODAY!

ISN'T SHE THE OLD BABE WHO WROTE THAT DETECTIVE BOOK ABOUT CLUES OR SOMETHING?

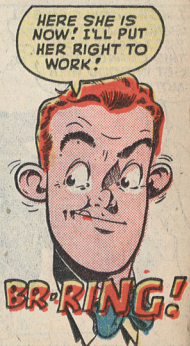
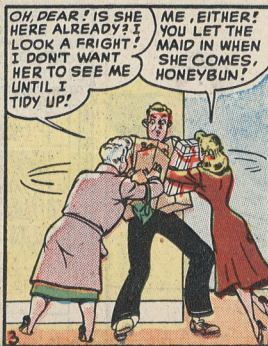
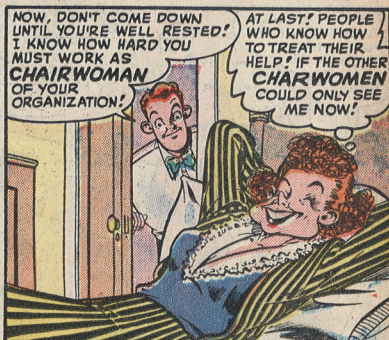
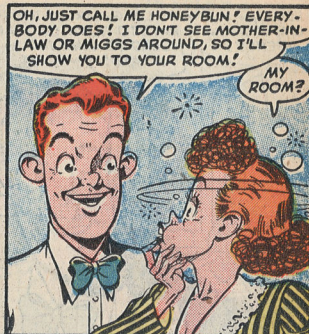
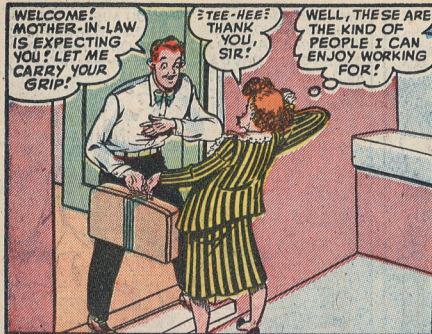
HONEYBUN! IT'S NOT A DETECTIVE BOOK! IT'S A **COOK BOOK** CALLED '66 CLUES TO COOKING STEWS' BY SYBIL VAN SNOOT!

I'LL CALL THE AGENCY FOR A MAID! SINCE I'M MEETING MRS. VAN SNOOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, THIS LUNCHEON MUST BE ONE SHE'LL **NEVER FORGET!**

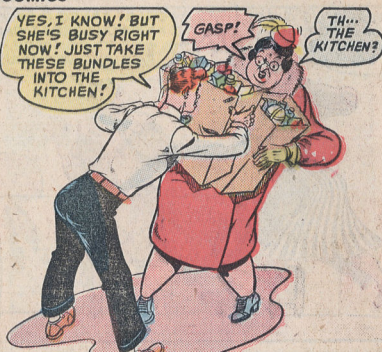
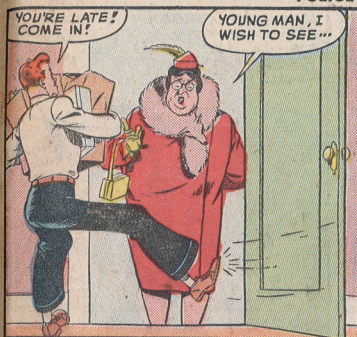




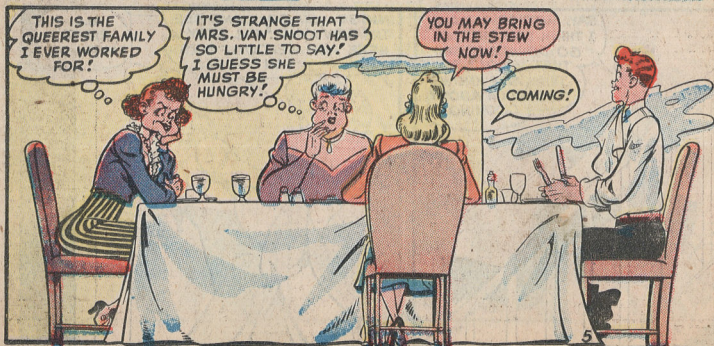
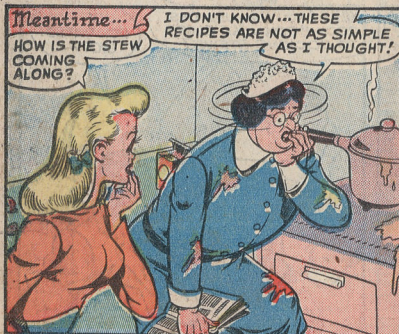
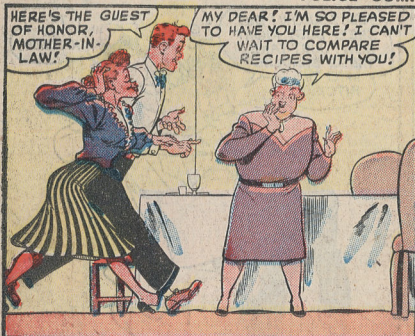
POLICE COMICS



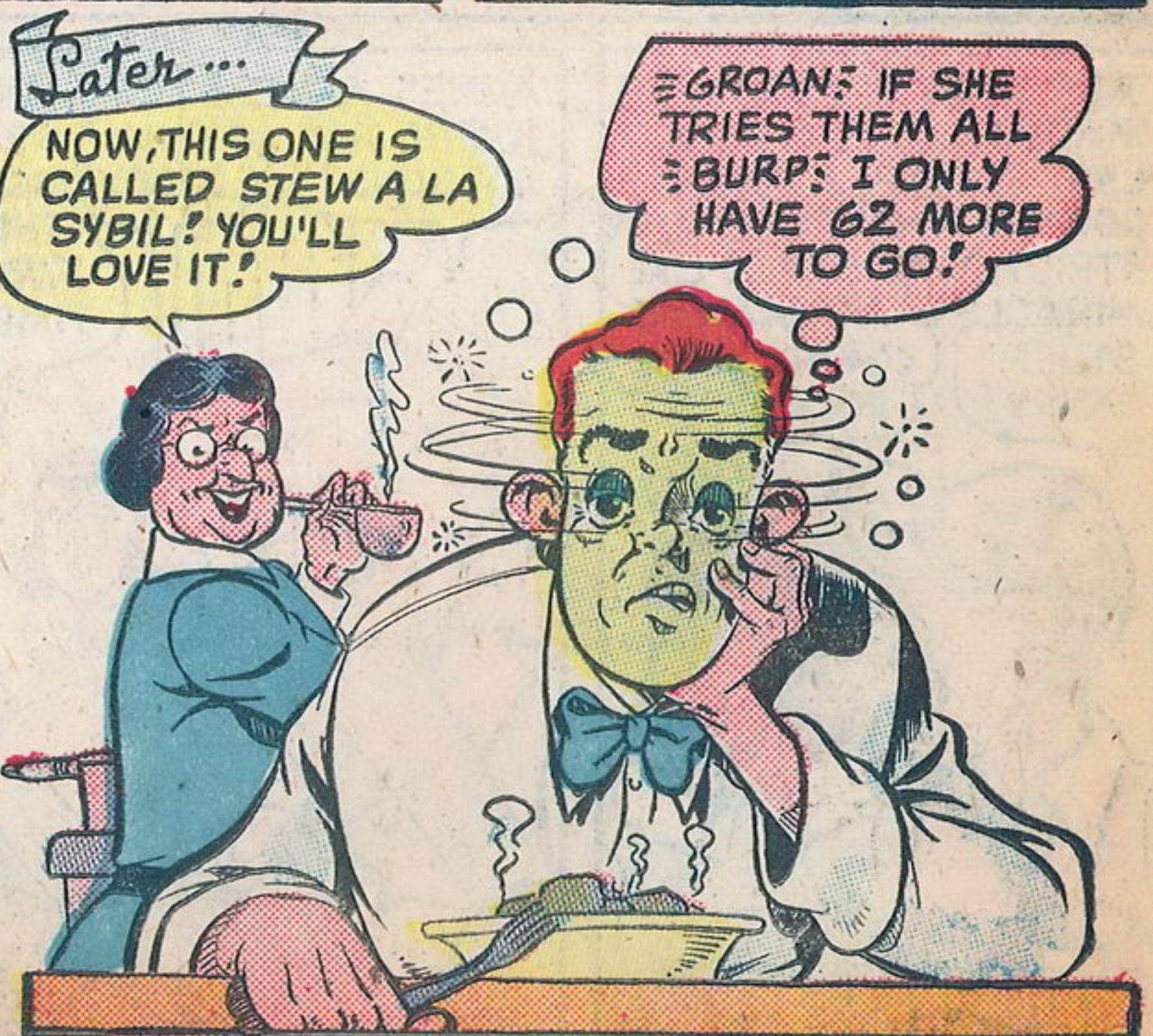
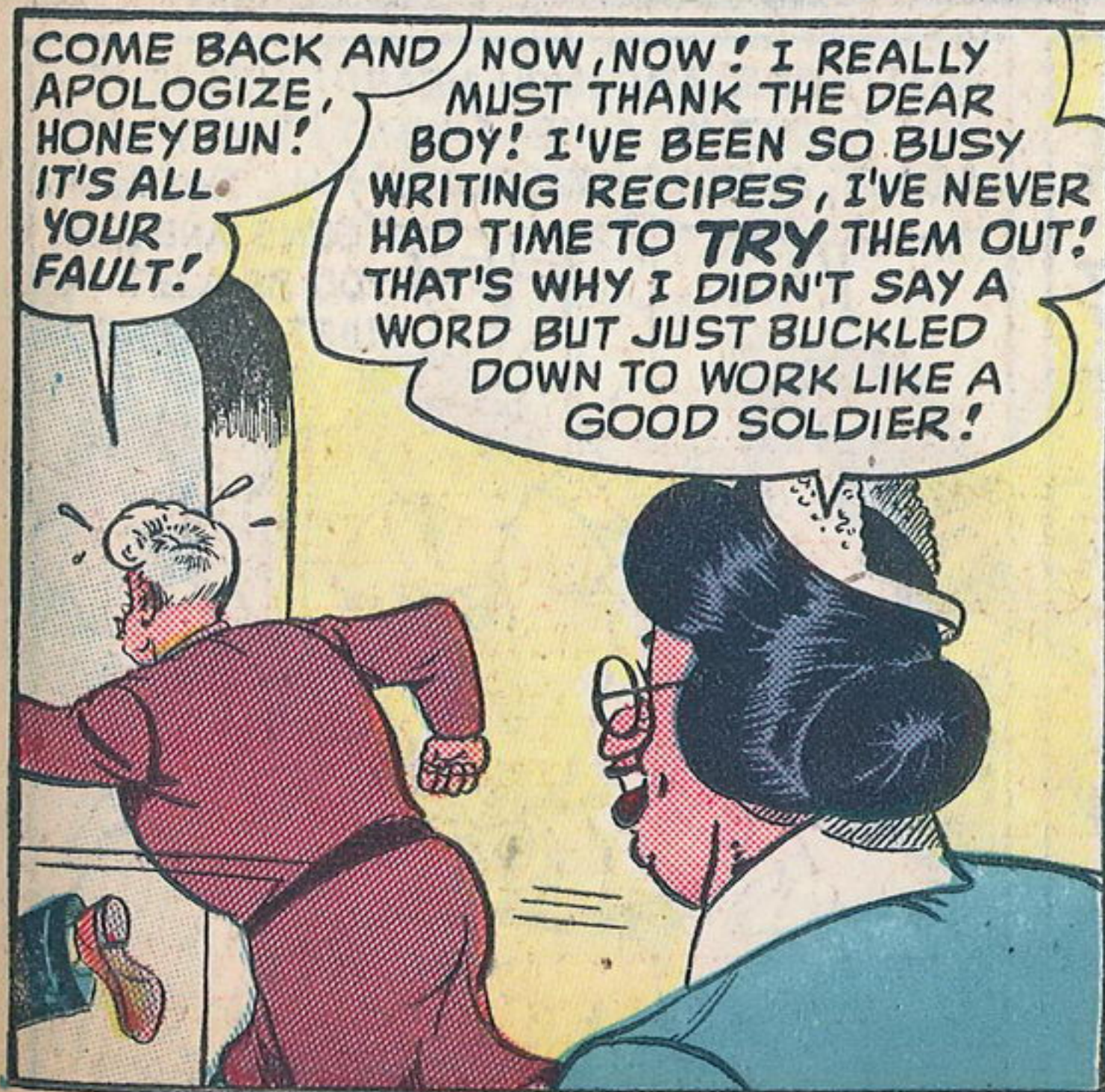
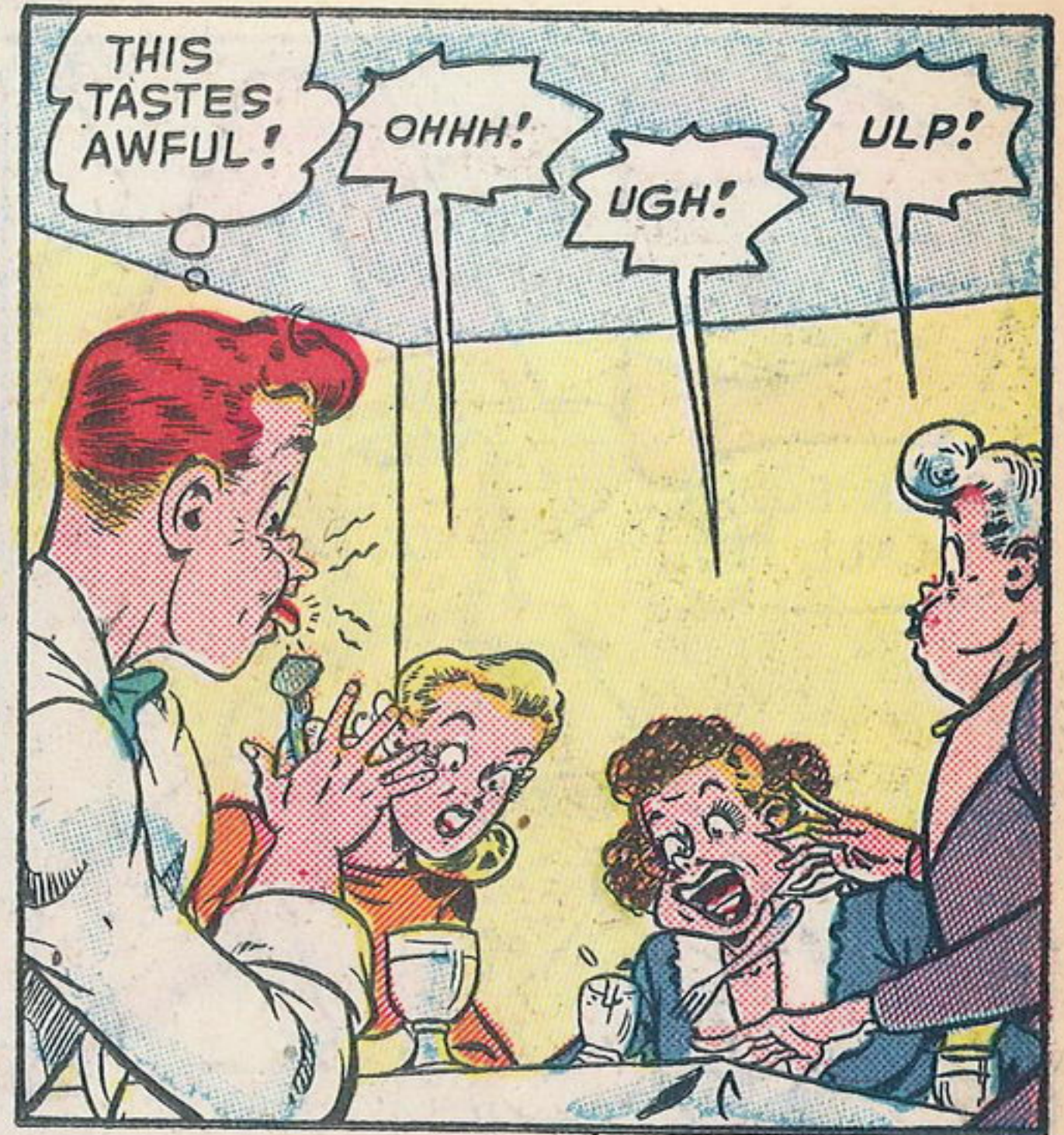
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



CANDY

DUCK SOUP,
I CALL IT!

CANDY
O'CONNOR...
MODERN
ANNIE
OAKLEY!

SAHLE

Plop

N
N
N

AND WHEN I
MADE THAT
LAST TOUCH-
DOWN, IT WAS
STRICTLY
MIRACLE
STUFF, CANDY!

I KNOW, TED,
YOU PLAYED
A PEACHY
GAME! YEEPS!
SOUNDS LIKE
A **TORNADO**
COMING IN THE
DOOR!

BAM!

AGNES, AGNES,
WHERE ARE
MY GUNS?

IT'S ONLY
DADDY!
YOU WERE
RIGHT
THE
FIRST
TIME!

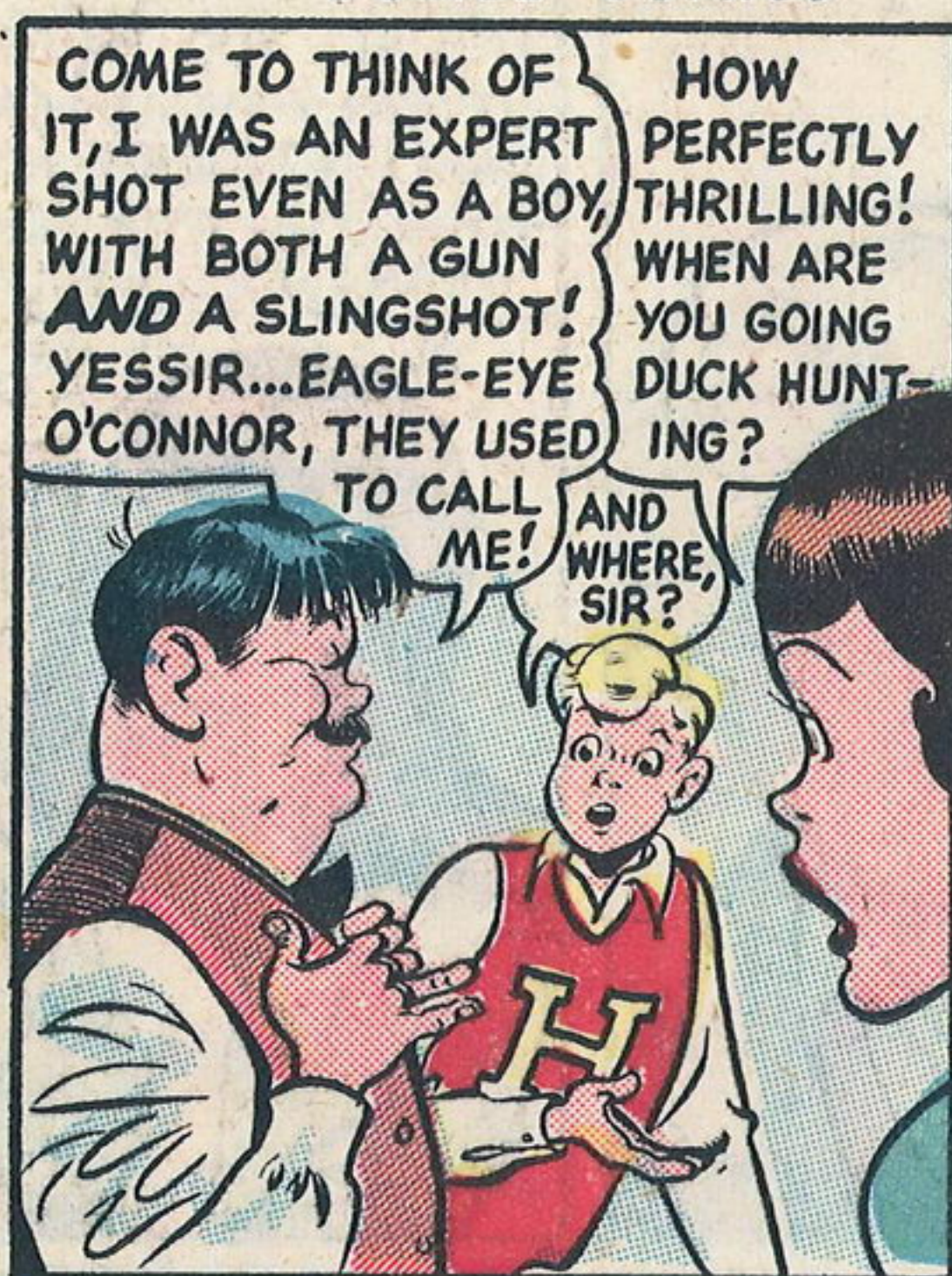
WHATEVER ARE
YOU SHOUTING
ABOUT, DADDY?

YOU HEARD
ME--I WANT
MY GUNS!

HEAVENS,
TIM! WHAT'S
ALL THIS ABOUT
GUNS, AND CAN'T
YOU BE A BIT
QUIET INSTEAD
OF YELLING?



I NEED MY GUNS TO GO DUCK HUNTING, DON'T I? CAN'T SHOOT 'EM DOWN WITH A SLINGSHOT, HEH, HEH!



COME TO THINK OF IT, I WAS AN EXPERT SHOT EVEN AS A BOY, WITH BOTH A GUN AND A SLINGSHOT! YESSIR...EAGLE-EYE O'CONNOR, THEY USED TO CALL ME!

AND WHERE, SIR?

HOW PERFECTLY THRILLING! WHEN ARE YOU GOING DUCK HUNTING?



I'M GOING TOMORROW, OUT TO MILLER'S POND! HEARD THE PLACE IS ALIVE WITH DUCKS! I'LL GET UP BEFORE DAWN AND BE THERE IN TIME TO BAG A BUNCH OF 'EM!

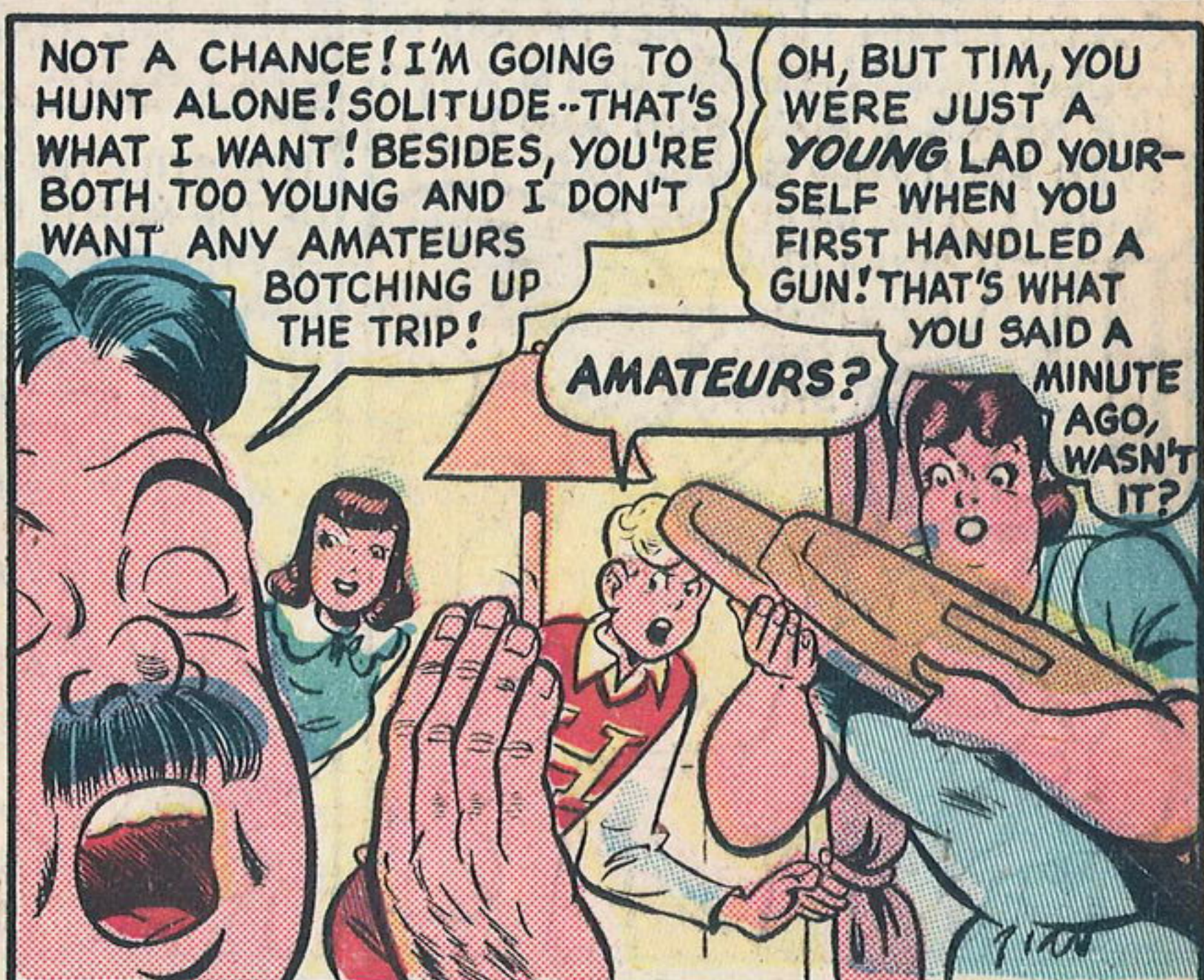
OH, MY! I'LL LOOK FOR YOUR GUNS IN THE ATTIC!



I WAS A YOUNG DANIEL BOONE AS A LAD! IT'LL BE NO TIME AT ALL BEFORE I'M HITTING 'EM ON THE WING AGAIN!

GOSH, I'D SURE LOVE TO GO WITH YOU, DADDY!

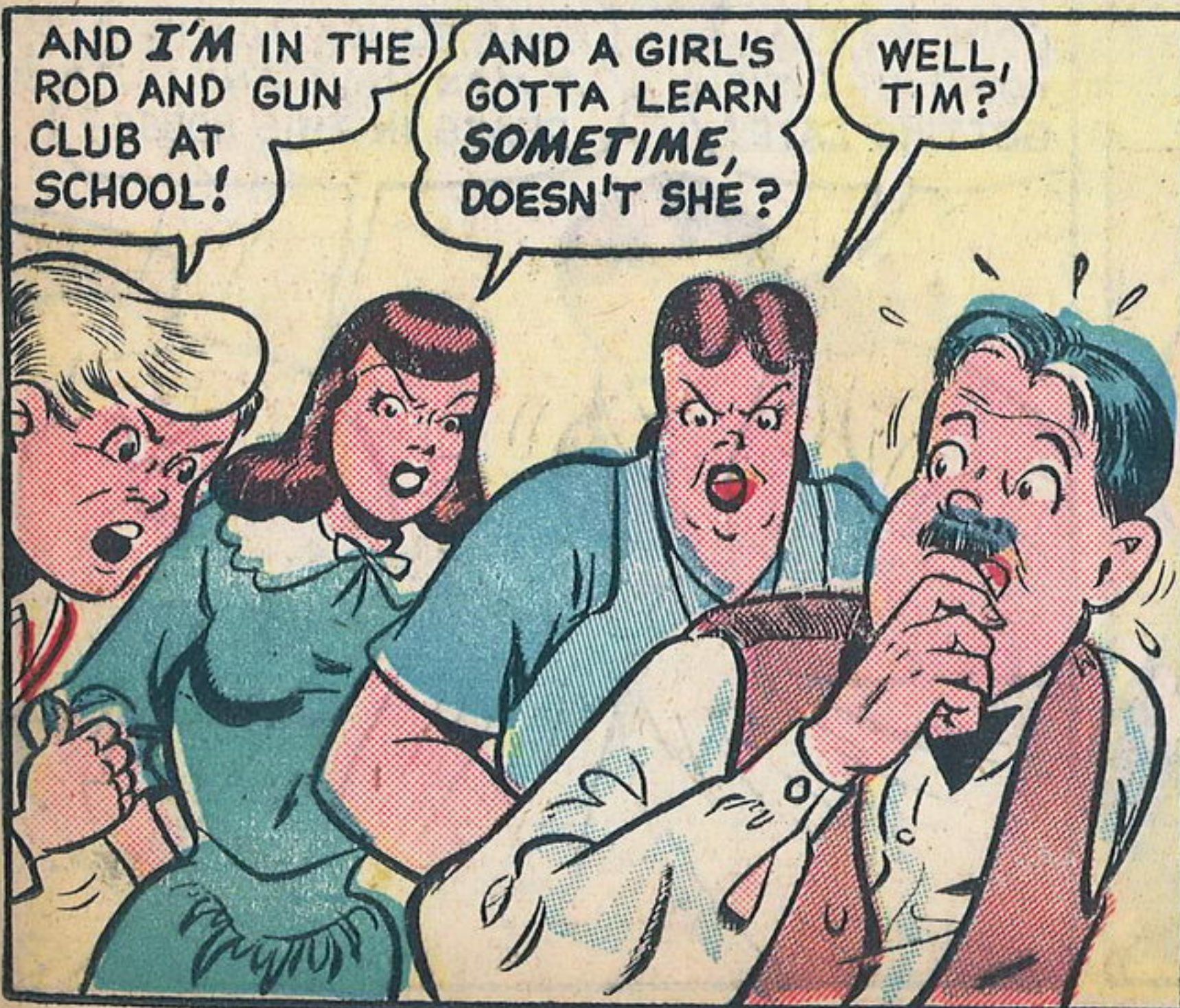
YEAH! ME, TOO!



NOT A CHANCE! I'M GOING TO HUNT ALONE! SOLITUDE--THAT'S WHAT I WANT! BESIDES, YOU'RE BOTH TOO YOUNG AND I DON'T WANT ANY AMATEURS BOTCHING UP THE TRIP!

OH, BUT TIM, YOU WERE JUST A YOUNG LAD YOURSELF WHEN YOU FIRST HANDLED A GUN! THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID A MINUTE AGO, WASN'T IT?

AMATEURS?



AND I'M IN THE ROD AND GUN CLUB AT SCHOOL!

AND A GIRL'S GOTTA LEARN SOMETIME, DOESN'T SHE?

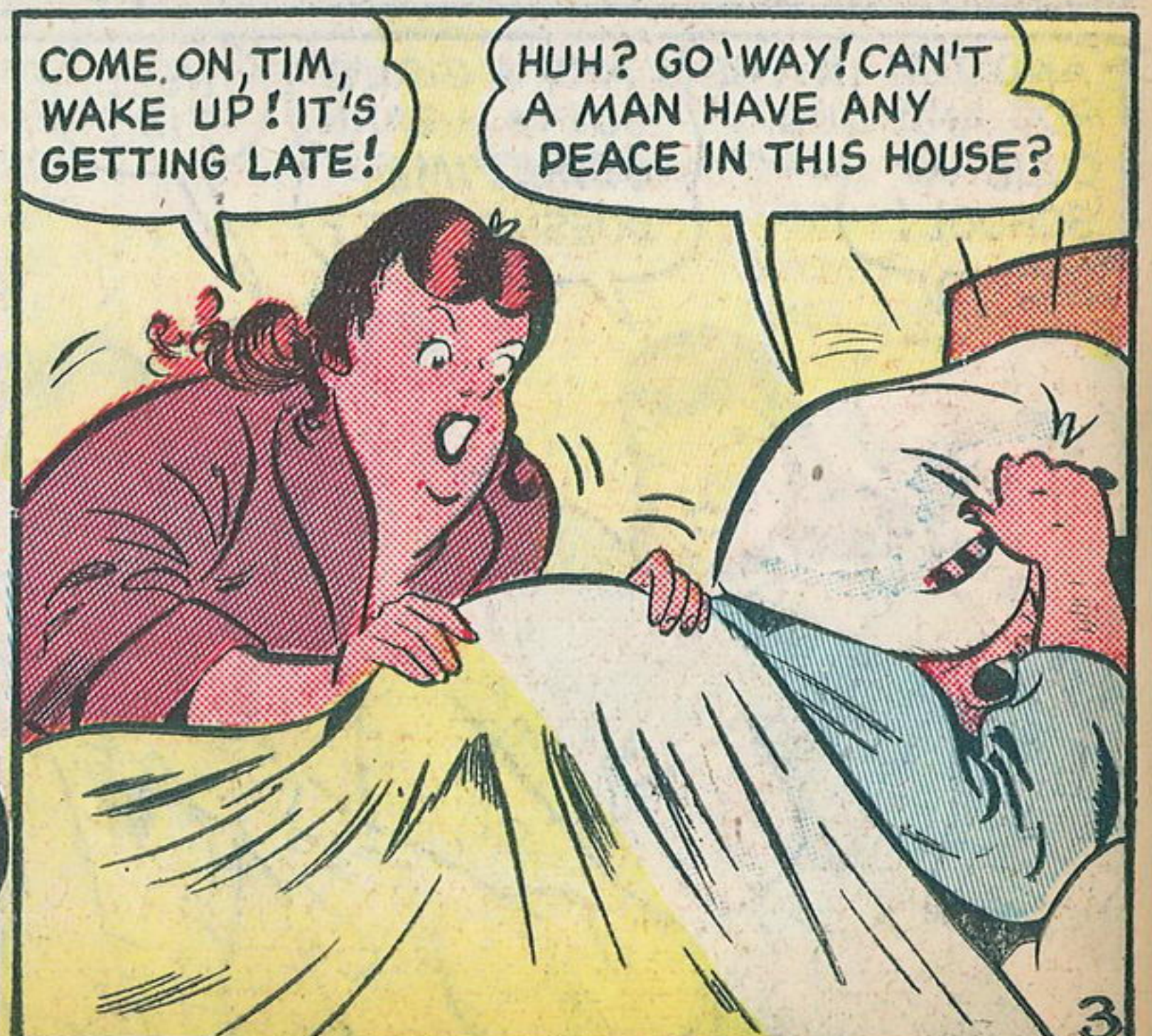
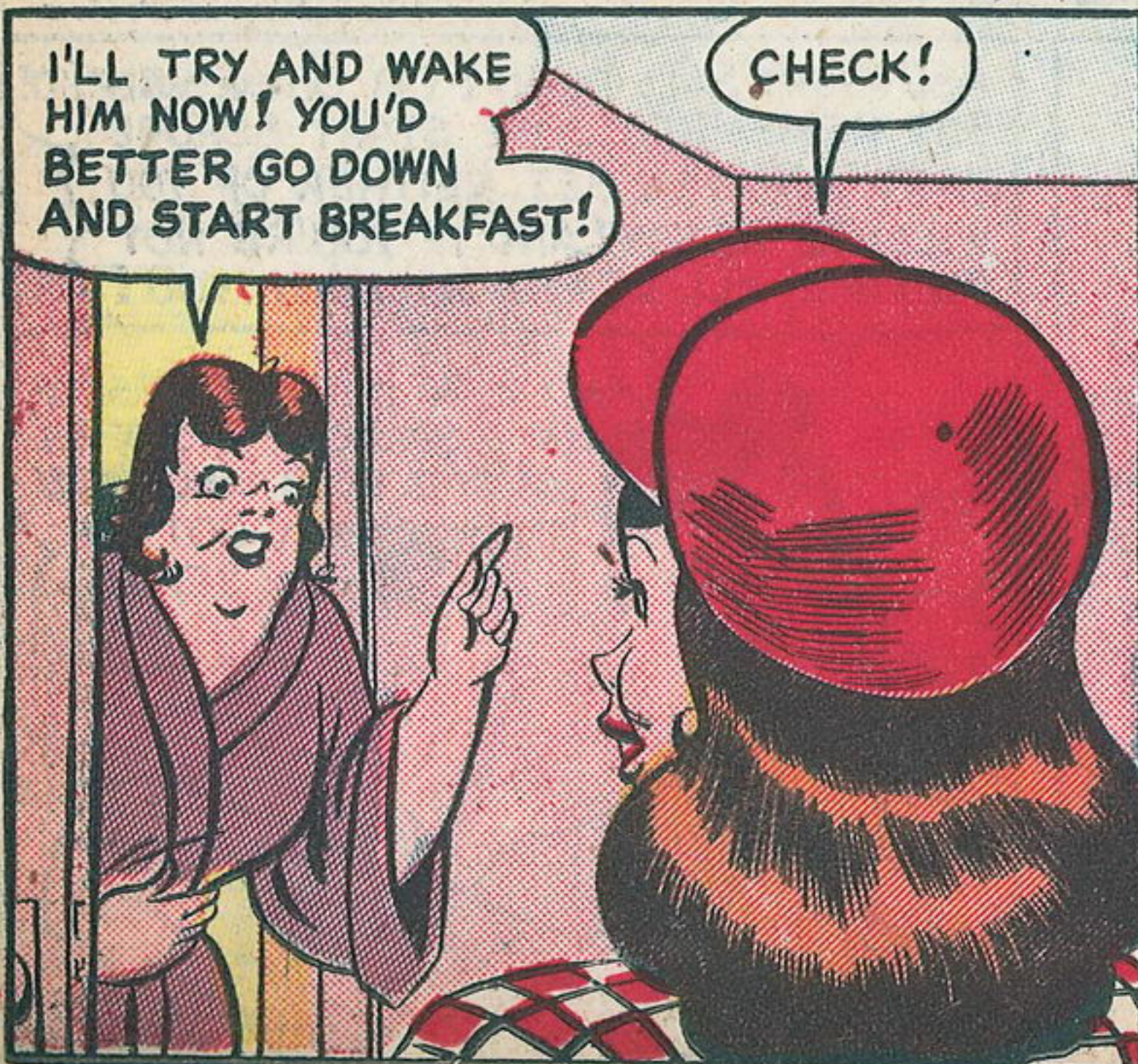
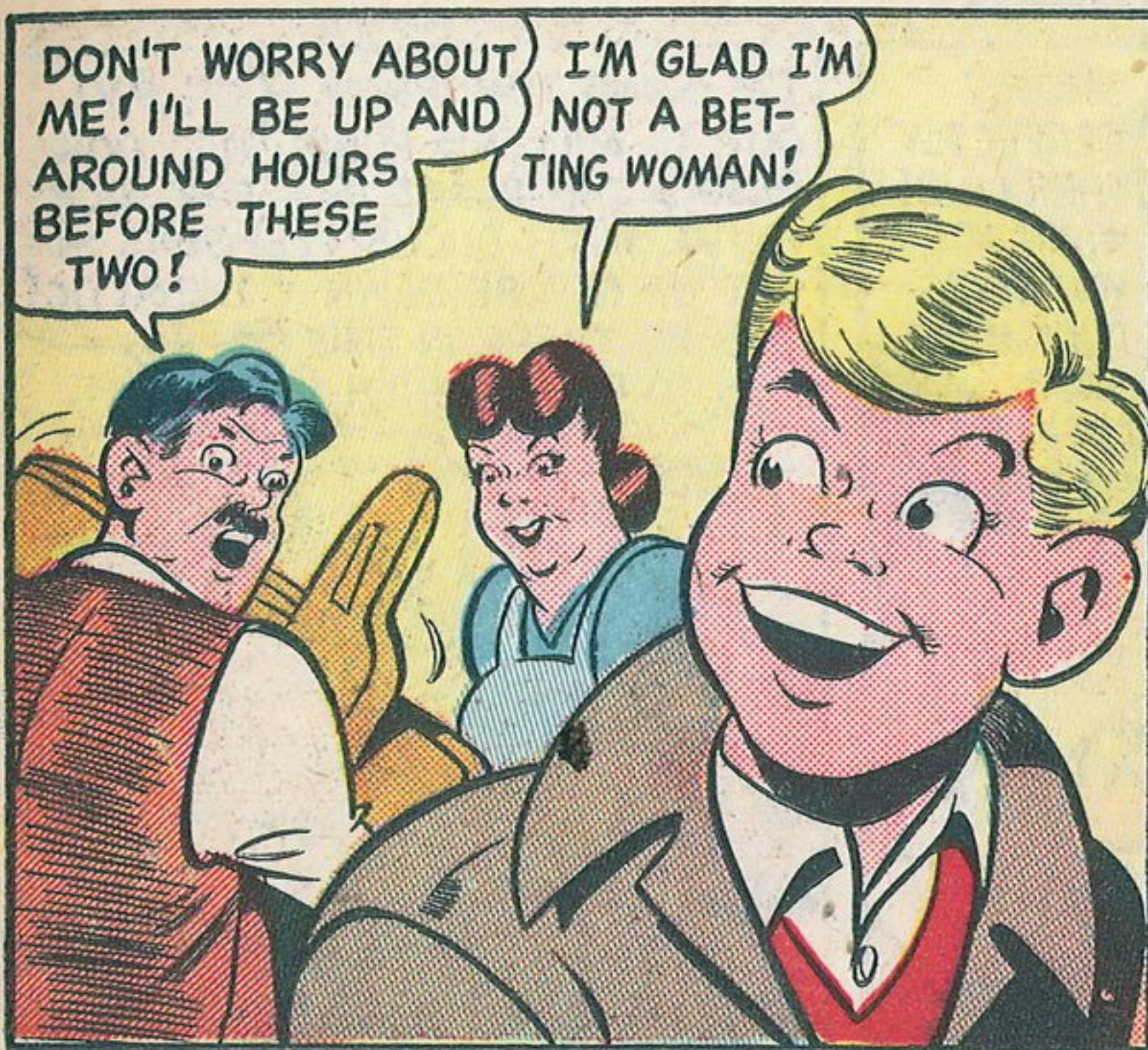
WELL, TIM?



ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'M OUTNUMBERED! BUT REMEMBER... WE START BEFORE DAWN AND I'LL BET NEITHER OF YOU WILL BE READY! AND IF YOU'RE NOT ON TIME, I'LL LEAVE WITHOUT YOU!

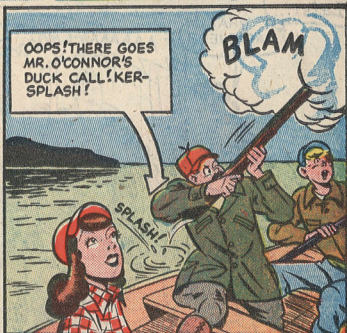
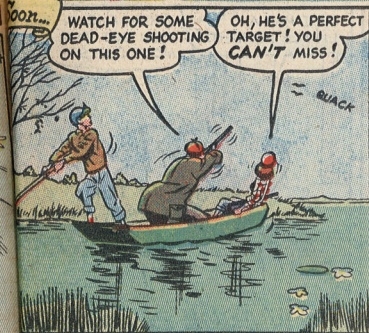
AND WHAT ABOUT YOURSELF, TIM O'CONNOR? IT'S BEEN MANY A YEAR SINCE YOU GOT UP BEFORE DAWN!

O'CONNOR GUN

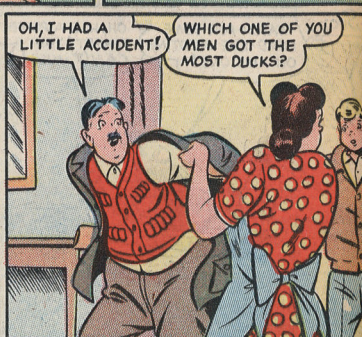
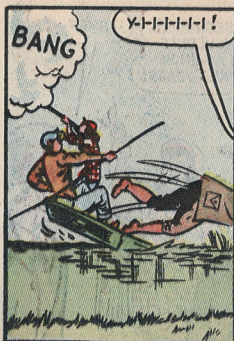


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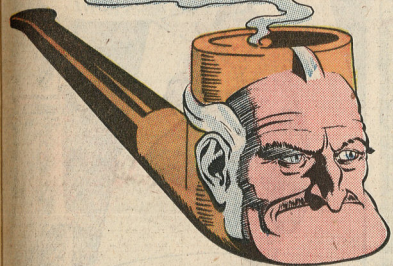




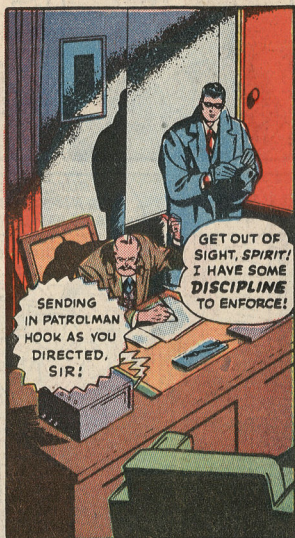
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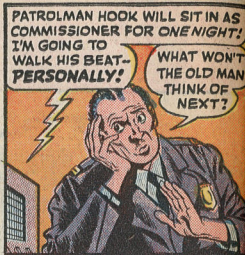


THE SPIRIT

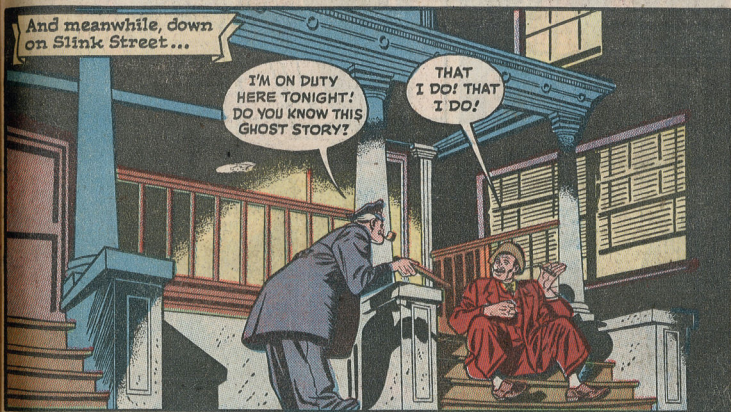
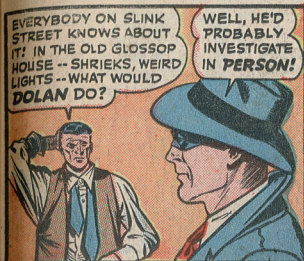


It takes a good policeman to walk a beat -- as Commissioner Dolan can well testify....

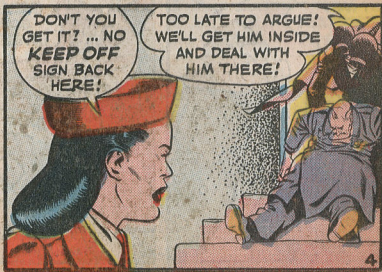


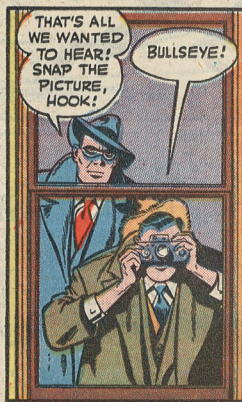
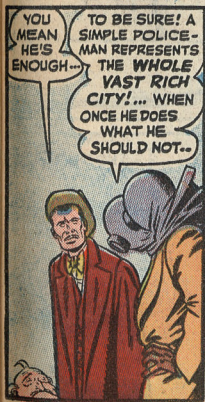
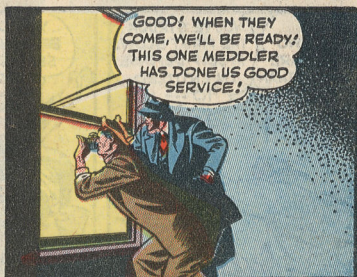
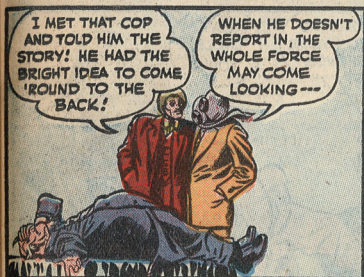
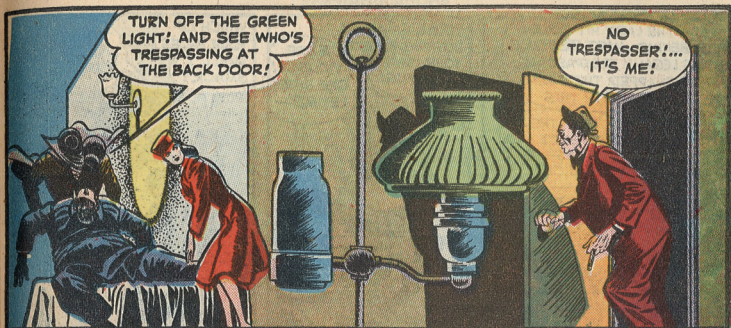


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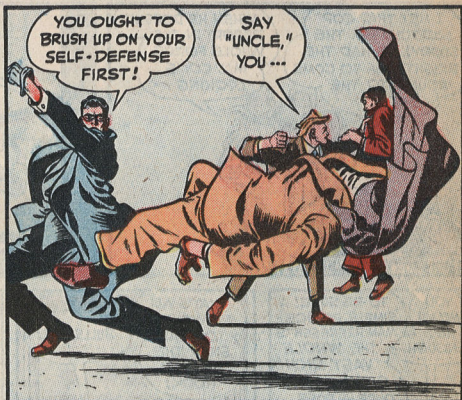
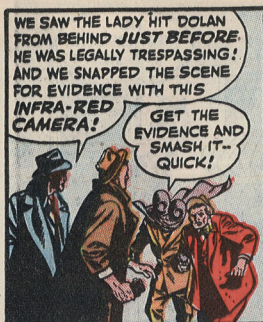


POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS





MAGICIAN



WOOZY stood in the alley outside the Bijou Theater and looked longingly at the stage door. It was cold and Woozy shivered, wishing he were inside the theater, where it was warm and comfortable. Besides, the stage show was on and Woozy just loved vaudeville. He knew there'd be no chance for him to see it, though. He had to stay where he was and watch for Mongollen the magician to come out. Woozy had to follow Mongollen wherever the magician went. Those were Plastic Man's orders.

Mongollen emerged from the stage door an hour later. He was lean and tall, and he had a thin, sinister face, set off by a pointed black beard. As the man brushed past him Woozy noticed his eyes. They had a greenish cast and they glowed—like the eyes of a cat.

Woozy followed the magician to a taxi stand on Seventh Avenue. He saw him climb into a cab, heard him snap an order at the driver. Woozy immediately climbed into the cab next in line.

"Follow that cab ahead, driver, but not too close," he said.

The taxi ahead sped along on the uptown side of Seventh Avenue for several blocks, then turned left at Fiftieth Street and stopped in front of a restaurant in the middle of the block.

"Pull up behind that cab," Woozy ordered his driver. He watched the magician pay his fare and vanish into the interior of the restaurant. He paid his own driver off and the cab moved away.

Woozy pulled the collar of his overcoat up around his ears and looked through the plate-glass window of the restaurant. He saw the head waiter seat Mongollen and hand him a menu. Woozy licked his lips hungrily and wished he could eat also, but knew he couldn't until Plastic Man relieved him.

For the next two hours Woozy shivered outside the restaurant and watched Mongollen leisurely down his meal and smoke a fat after-dinner cigar. Finally he saw the magician pay his bill and head contentedly towards the door.

Woozy ducked into an adjoining doorway as the magician emerged from the restaurant and paused on the sidewalk in front of it. Then as Woozy saw his quarry start walking down towards Eighth Avenue, he fell in behind him.

The trail led up Eighth Avenue to Fifty-sev-

enth Street, then down Fifty-seventh Street to a small, but exclusive jewelry store in the middle of the block. There the magician stopped to admire the display in the window.

Woozy stopped in front of a men's haberdashery shop and pretended to scan the display in their window. Every once in a while he'd glance at the jewelry shop down the block to see if the magician was still there.

A half-hour went by, then an hour. Still the magician hadn't moved. Woozy began to get impatient. "What's he looking at all this time?" he asked himself.

A hand touched Woozy lightly on the shoulder. "YAH!" he screamed, and jumped a foot into the air.

"Don't get frightened, Woozy," said a familiar voice behind him. "It's only me."

Woozy turned to see Plastic Man grinning at him. "Gosh, Plas," he said. "Don't do that again. It gives me goose pimples."

Plastic Man's answer was a low chuckle. Then he said, "How about our magician friend? Are you keeping him in sight?"

"Every minute," replied Woozy. He pointed to the magician, who was still looking at the jewelry store display. "He's been in that same spot for over an hour, Plas."

Plastic Man frowned. "That's not like him at all," he said. "He has another show to do in a minute, and I expected him to spend the time he has between shows in a much less innocent pursuit. That's why I had you tail him. Let's walk past him and see what he's up to."

"But Plas," objected Woozy. "He'll recognize you." He turned his head to check on the magician again, and, relieved to find him in the same position, swung back to his friend again. Plastic Man was gone!

Woozy stood stock-still for a moment, unable to believe his eyes. "Plas!" he squeaked. "Where are you?"

"Right heah, honey-chile," drawled a sugary voice behind him.

Woozy whirled towards the voice and saw a tall, willowy blonde. "Who—who—?" he stutered.

"Don't you know me, Woozy?" asked the blonde.

"Plastic Man!" exclaimed Woozy. "Gosh . . .

POLICE COMICS

hmm . . . quite a disguise this time, eh! Heh, heh!"

"Well, don't look so surprised," said Plastic Man. He linked his arm through Woozy's. "Come along, honey-chile. Let's see what that bad man is up to."

Woozy and Plastic Man strolled arm-in-arm down the block. When they came abreast of the magician, Woozy shot him a quick look. Then he took another look, and his eyes almost popped out of his head. The magician's body had shrunk. It had a flat look, like that of a pancake. And, where the face *should have been*, there was nothing now but a *big hole*!

"Plas!" squawked Woozy. He pointed a trembling finger at the magician. "L-look!"

Plastic Man took one good look and resumed his own form instantly. One hand shot out about ten feet to grab the magician by the throat. "Wire!" exclaimed the Plastic Man in disgust. "We've been tricked. These are just Mongollen's clothes draped over a wire frame. He's gone!"

Woozy saw that the Plastic Man was right. The figure he had thought to be the magician was only a wire dummy. "But Plas," he said, "where is Mongollen?"

Plastic Man shot a quick glance at the interior of the jewelry store. He could see a man's foot encased in a patent leather shoe, with the toe of the shoe pointed straight up into the air. "I don't know where he is *now*," he said grimly, "but I'll bet a button he *was* in this store." He headed quickly for the door.

Once inside, Plastic Man and Woozy saw that the foot belonged to a clerk who was stretched out limply on the floor. Plas bent over the figure and felt his pulse.

"Still alive," he said to Woozy with relief. Then he smelled the heavy, sickening odor that clung to the man. "Chloroform," he said suddenly. He shot a quick glance at the showcases and saw they had been stripped of their displays. "Someone chloroformed this man and robbed the display cases of their expensive contents," he said. "Our magician friend, no doubt."

Woozy gaped. "We didn't see him come out, Plas," he muttered.

"There's probably a rear door," explained Plastic Man. "Come on—we'll look." He led the way towards the back of the store.

"Told you," said Plastic Man as they entered the back room. He pointed to a heavy steel door that was wide open, allowing a clear view of a cluttered rear yard surrounded by a high wooden fence. "Mongollen went through this door, climbed the fence and escaped into the next street."

"What do we do next?" asked Woozy.

"You call the police and wait here until they come," replied Plastic Man. He glanced at his watch, saw that it was nearly four o'clock. "I'm going to the Bijou Theater," he said. "It's time for Mongollen's second show."

"Okay, Plas—I'll follow as soon as the police arrive," said Woozy. He headed for the phone.

The police arrived a few minutes later. Woozy gave them the details, then left the shop and hurried to the Bijou Theater. Once inside he looked for Plastic Man, but not seeing him in the audience, took a seat well down front and looked up at the stage.

The stage was pitch black. Suddenly, a white spotlight shone out at one end of it. The light swung slowly towards the center of the stage, then stopped. Mongollen The Magician stepped into it, bowing to the audience amid swelling applause. He waited for the applause to subside, then said smilingly. "I'll need a volunteer from the audience for my first trick."

A fat man, his face white and flabby, rose from his seat next to Woozy and walked to the short flight of stairs that led up to the stage.

As the fat man reached the stage, the magician grasped him by the hand. "Thank you for volunteering, sir," he said. He turned and, still holding onto the fat man, started to walk back toward the center of the stage.

The fat man's arm stretched, allowing his hand to go along with the magician, but the man himself stayed where he was. The audience shrieked with surprise.

Mongollen reached the center of the stage and turned to speak to the fat man. His eyes popped at the sight of the twenty-foot-long arm that was attached to the hand he was holding. "Plastic Man!" he gasped.

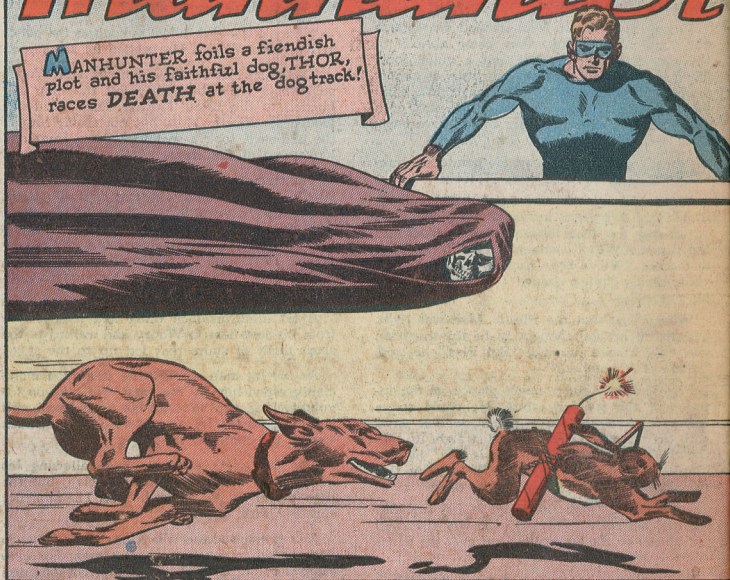
"Surprised?" said Plastic Man. Allowing his arm to pull his body the twenty feet intervening between him and the magician, Plas hurtled straight at the entertainer. Mongollen hit the floor with his head and lay very still.

"Good work, Plas," said a familiar voice behind him. "But are you sure you've got the right man?"

Plastic Man turned to see Woozy Winks. "Mongollen's the jewel thief, all right," he replied. "I searched his dressing room while he was on-stage. I found the jewels in a hidden compartment of his prop trunk." Plas looked down at the unconscious magician with a faint grin on his lips. "For the next twenty years," he said, "Mongollen The Magician can practice his art on the rock pile—making little rocks out of big ones."

Manhunter

MANHUNTER foils a fiendish plot and his faithful dog, **THOR**, races **DEATH** at the dog track!



Dan Richards, rookie cop, and secretly **MANHUNTER**, gets a special assignment...

RICHARDS: YOU'LL BE ON ESCORT DUTY TOMORROW NIGHT, WHEN GOVERNOR WOODLEY ATTENDS THE DOG RACES!

OKAY, CHIEF LADD? BUT I DIDN'T THINK THE GOVERNOR WOULD BE SEEN GOING TO A TRACK!



THIS IS DIFFERENT! ALL THE PARI-MUTUEL WINNINGS WILL GO TO CHARITY! IT'S SURE TO BE THE BIGGEST NIGHT OF THE SEASON!

RIGHT! I'LL BE THERE!



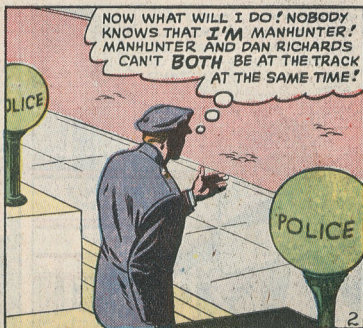
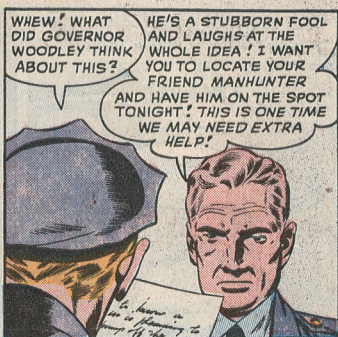
Elsewhere...

IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST HAUL OF THE YEAR! THERE'LL BE LOTS OF CELEBRITIES, INCLUDING THE GOVERNOR, AND PLENTY OF COLD CASH!

SURE, AND ALL THE COPS ON THE FORCE! I DON'T GET IT, LUCKY!



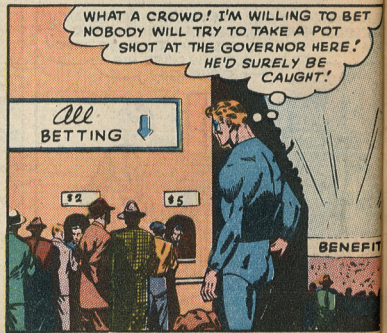
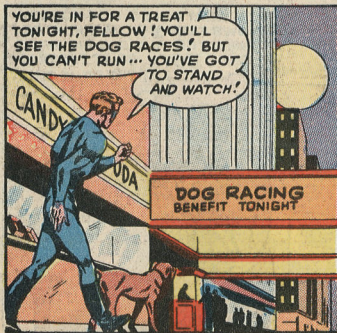
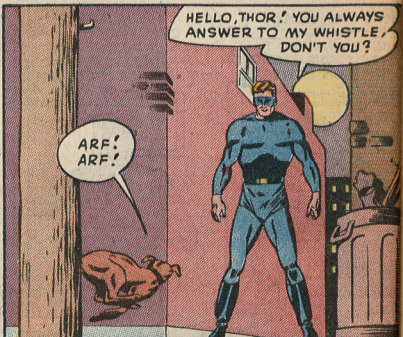
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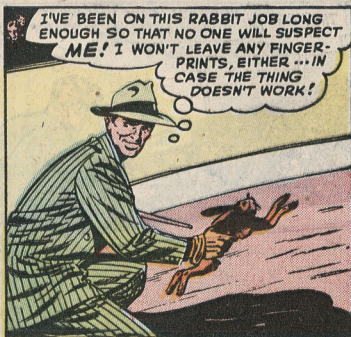
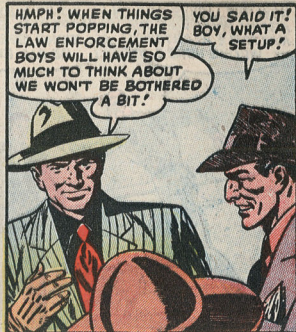
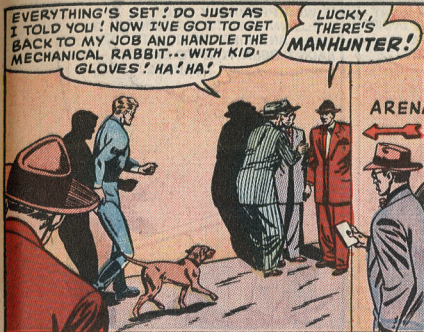


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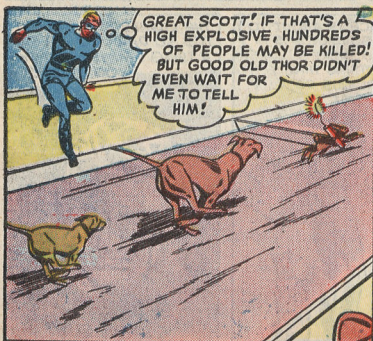
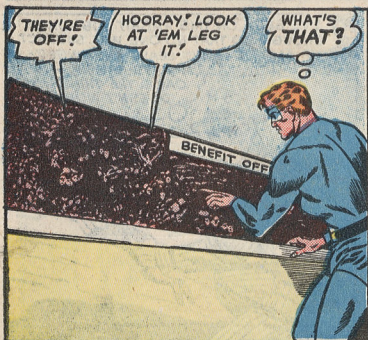


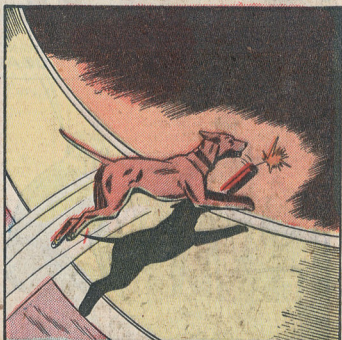
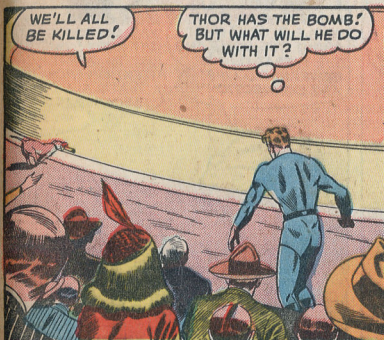
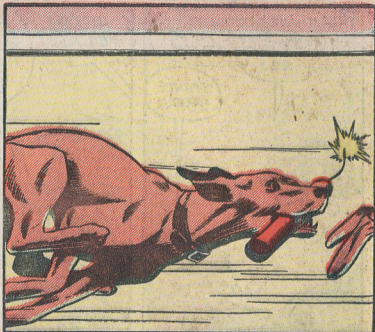
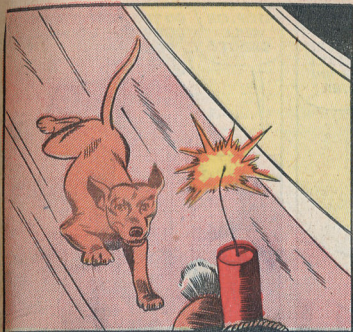
That night, a supersonic whistle reaches Thor's keen ears ...

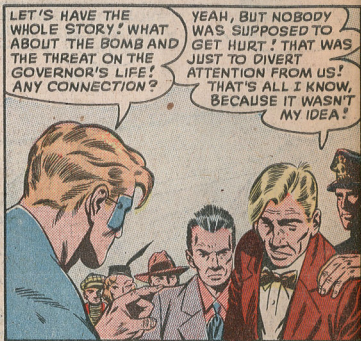
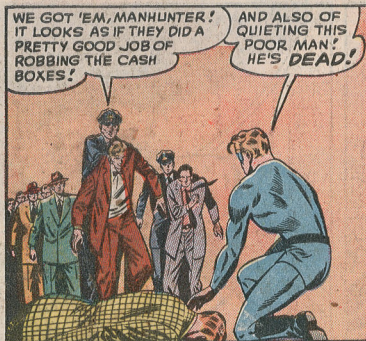


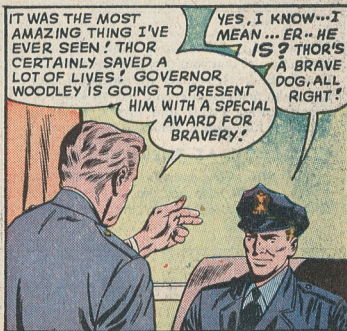


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WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!

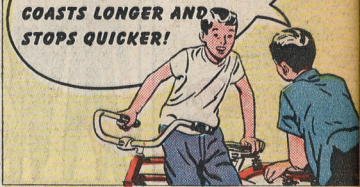


SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX
MAKES BRAKES FOR CARS,
TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER AND
STOPS QUICKER!

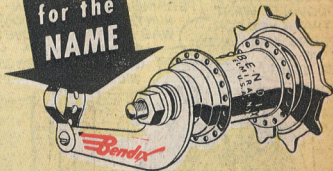


If you want the latest and finest coaster brake, be sure that your new bike has a Bendix Coaster Brake. It is made by America's leading brake manufacturer and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake!

JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

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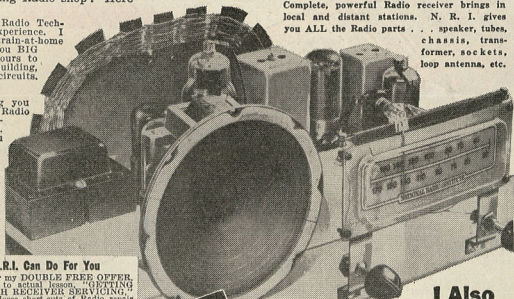
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